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AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

Hon. ARTHUR DOBBS, Esq;

In *EUROPE.*

FROM A

CLERGYMAN in AMERICA.

PART I.

India mittit opus ; peregrè *sua Thura* Camœnæ.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by R. DODSLEY, in *Pall-mall*, and M. COOPER, in *Pater-noſter-row.*

1752.

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Advertiſement.

THE *Subject-Matter of this Epiſtle, divided into ſeveral Parts, and deſigned to be forthwith ſucceſſively publiſh'd, is various, new, and intereſting to an enterprizing, mercantile, and free Nation. It was written in* Maryland, *before an Account arriv'd there that the late Treaty of Peace was ſign'd; and hence ſome warm and vindictive Sentiments in the Cauſe of Liberty, and againſt the Enemies of* Great Britain, *were, not unſeaſonably, interſpers'd.*

It owes its Riſe to an Information the Author receiv'd, after the Return of the Dobbs *and* California *from their Expedition to explore the North-Weſt Paſſage, that the generous* Reviver *of that noble Deſign had determined to proſecute the Diſcovery the Year following in his own Perſon. Under this Perſwaſion, as well as on Account of that benevolent Gentleman's other laudable Propoſals for publick Utility, he is here addreſs'd to, with the Gratitude and Praiſe, which ſuch manifold Merit claims.*

It was the Author's further Intent in this Piece to do occaſional Juſtice by an honorary Notice to thoſe other great Examples of true Patriotiſm, who have contributed to raiſe our Naval Glory, to eſtabliſh flouriſhing Colonies, and conſequently to extend our holy Faith under the Auſpices of our moſt illuſtrious King; and who have diſtinguiſh'd the preſent Reign, notwithſtanding our too general Corruption of Morals, and mark'd it in brighter Characters than any preceding one can boaſt of, ſince that of the glorious Queen Elizabeth.

It is ſome Diſadvantage to this Performance, that it was not made public above two Years ago, when it was firſt convey'd into Europe; *which happen'd by the Death of an ingenious Gentleman, to whoſe Care the Author conſign'd it for that Purpoſe; he not being then at leiſure, on Account of private and provincial Concerns, to attend it himſelf. This Diſappointment has laid him under a Neceſſity, ſince his late Return from* America, *of making a few Alterations in it, and of inſerting ſome more recent Occurrences; but candid Judges, and Lovers of their Country, will readily pardon minute Soleciſms in Time, eſpecially when they have a Tendency to ſupport public Spirit and national Honour.*

The Nature of the Work neceſſarily led him to mention his own Travels, and to glance at ſome Incidents, chiefly relative to himſelf, but connected with thoſe main Deſigns, where he ſhows, how by cultivating and improving, in its

various Climates, our large and fertile Empire on the Continent, and by introducing new and invaluable Staples of Trade, the maternal Kingdom would be greatly ſtrengthened and inriched, the Dependency of our Colonies better ſecured, and the ambitious Schemes of France *to rival us in Trade, and maritime Power, rendered abortive.*

Whatever Talents in Poetry the Partiality of his Friends may allow him to poſſeſs, he dares aſſume no other Merit from them, than what his Endeavors to render them inſtrumental in ſerving worthy Ends, may challenge. His Topics are ſurely animating, and if his Numbers and Fancy are in ſome Degree correſpondent, he cannot hope for more Honor than that his Succeſs in the latter may be chiefly attributed to his Choice of the former.

He flatters himſelf that no Prejudice will devolve on what he purpoſes to communicate to the World in Proſe, from his introducing himſelf to its Knowledge in Verſe.

As his Motives for leaving his Country were conſcientious, he thinks himſelf accountable to it for the many Years he has been abſent, and by proper Credentials, can teſtify that he has aſſiduouſly imploy'd himſelf, during the whole Time, in deviſing and executing, to the beſt of his Abilities, the Means for advancing its Religious and Civil Intereſts.

AN

Advertisement.

[illegible] Climates, our large and fertile Empire on the Continent, and by introducing new and invaluable Staples of Trade, the matchless Kingdom would be greatly strengthened and enriched, the Dependency of our Colonies better secured, and the ambitious Schemes of France to retard us in Trade, and maritime Power, rendered abortive.

Whatever Talents in Poetry the Partiality of his Friends may allow him to possess, he dares assume no other Merit from them, than what his Endeavours to render them instrumental in serving worthy Ends, may challenge. His Topics are surely animating, and if his Numbers and Fancy are in some Degree correspondent, he cannot hope for more Honor than this Circle's in the letter may be chiefly attributed to his Choice of the former.

He flatters himself that no Prejudice will deprive or what he proposes to communicate to the World in Prose, from his unreserving himself to his Knowledge in Arts.

As his Motives for leaving his Country were conscientious, he thinks himself accountable to it for the many Years he has been absent, and by proper Credentials, can satisfy that he has assiduously employ'd himself, during the whole Time, in devising and executing, to the best of his Abilities, the Means for advancing its Religious and Civil Interests.

AN EPISTLE, &c.

PART I.

FROM Climes remote, but not to Thee unknown,
Whoſe Thoughts dilate beyond the polar Zone:
Whoſe Ken pervades whate'er the Sun ſurveys;
Accept, O DOBBS, theſe honorary Lays.
While mighty Scenes thy vaſter Soul engage,
To wake, to rouze, to warm a torpid Age:
The Fame and Pow'r of *Britain* to reſtore,
And bend her Sails on Earth's extremeſt Shore:

To

To join th' *Atlantic* and *Tartarian* Wave,
And tame the Skies where Artic Tempeſts rave;
Heav'n's Diſpenſations to diffuſe below,
And bid divided Oceans interflow:
Anxious, *Meſſiah*'s Empire to extend,
And gen'rous Commerce with Diſcov'ry blend;
Apply thine Ear indulgent, nor refuſe
The foreign Tribute of a wand'ring Muſe.
Hark! in wild Notes the tuneful Savage ſings;
And for no vulgar Height prepares her Wings!
Lo, thro' th' uncultur'd Paradiſe ſhe roves,
And firſt inchants *America*'s charm'd Groves!
She dares, (while Deſarts hear th' heroic Lyre,
While in full Pomp thine Images inſpire)
Like Nature's greater Works to raiſe her Song,
Irregularly bold, beneficently ſtrong.
Where *Seſquahanah* foams with rock-rais'd Sprey,
And ſwells lov'd *Cheſapeak*'s capacious Bay:
Or

Line 25. *Seſquahanah* and *Potowmac* are the two nobleſt Rivers of *Maryland* and *Virginia*, which after a Courſe of many hundred Miles fall into the great Bay of *Cheſapeak*.

Or where *Potowmac* with its placid Waves
Maria's Shores and verdant Meadows laves;
Where *Europe*'s Monarchs ſcarce transfer their Name;
Thy Merits are convey'd by loudeſt Fame;
Amaz'd, All heard; All bleſs'd the great Deſign;
And Gratulations hail'd the Scheme Divine.
The gen'ral Voice pierc'd thro' my ſhady Seats,
Where Speculation to her Grot retreats;
Where in my green Arcades o'er *Ceſtria*'s Stream,
Of diſtant Friends in vacant Hours I dream.
Straight my Soul triumph'd in my Country's Good,
And Tears of Joy mix'd with the ſilent Flood;
Each leſſer Thought thy brave Eſſay beguil'd;
My Heart exulted, and the Foreſt ſmil'd!
That thine he fir'd our new World's Genius boaſts,
While thy Name grows familiar to our Coaſts;
This lulls, like Magic Songs, the barb'rous Ear,
And the fierce Tribes turn human, as they hear:

Line 28. Maria's *Shores*, &c.] *Maryland.*
Line 35. The fine River *Cheſter*, dividing the Counties of *Kent* and *Queen Ann*, where the Author's Plantations are ſituated.

This bids enamour'd Nature bloom more gay,
Dreſt in wild Charms, and fair in looſe Array:
Hence more luxuriant to poetic Eyes,
The wide *Savannahs* ſpread, and the tall Tulips riſe.
Fond Rumour hence delights repeating Hills,
Chants to the Dales, and entertains the Rills:
This in the Breeze refreſhes *Cantia*'s Wood,
And warbles This thro' *Octarara*'s Flood.
Glad *Apalachia* clears her low'ring Brow:
Their nodding Heads the lofty Cedars bow:
While from a thouſand Urns in ſpumy Show'rs
Her roaring Torrents *Niagara* pours.
Delug'd *Ontario*'s plauſive Rocks rebound;
Proud Echo lengthens out the propagated Sound!
Thy

Line 48. —— *tall Tulips riſe.*] The largeſt and moſt beautiful Tree in *North-America*.

L. 53. *Glad* Apalachia, *&c.*] The great Ridge of Mountains which extend from North to South, on the Back of our Colonies on the Continent.

L. 56. *Her roaring Torrents* Niagara *pours.*] The moſt celebrated Cataract in the World, down which the Waters of the Lake *Erie* are precipitated with many Circumſtances of Horror into that of *Ontario*, or *Frontenac*.

Thy Praiſes to interior Seas are known,
Euxines and ampler *Caſpians* of our own.
Theſe circumfus'd proclaim the gen'rous Man,
And *California* wafts thee to *Japan!*
Ev'n now thy Name, on frighted Billows roll'd,
To hoſtile Shores by *Eurus'* Blaſt is told.
Lo, trembling *Gauls* the dire Report receive!
With Dread they liſten, and with Guilt believe;
Predicting now our univerſal Sway,
Their notionary Empire ſhrinks away;
Louiſiana's high Pretenſions fail,
And boaſtful Maps at once contract their Scale!
Fear multiplies *Britannia*'s naval Pow'rs,
And in thy Chart they ſee each *India* our's.

Line 60. Euxines *and ampler* Caſpians *of our own.*] The five mighty Lakes of many thouſand Miles in Circumference, which communicate with each other, and lie to the Weſt and North-weſt of our Settlements.

L. 69. Louiſiana's *high Pretenſions fail.*] So the *French* pompouſly name their new-arrogated Empire, which comprehends the moſt deſirable Latitudes; and which they extend in their Maps to the South-Sea, excluding us from our prior Claim, and uſurping in their public Declarations a Right to confine us a narrow Slip on the Sea-Coaſt.

Deſponding *Canada* now ſighs around,
And *Miſſiſſippi* murmurs to the Sound.
A Fate, like *Louiſburgh*'s, *Quebeck* fore-dates,
And hears brave *Pepp'rell* thund'ring on her Gates.
Thy bare Attempt has half their Pride ſuppreſt,
And pluck'd the Plume of Triumph from their Creſt.
Confus'd *Rome*'s miſſion'd Janizaries ſtood,
While ſudden Terrors damp'd their Luſt of Blood.
(Whoſe Order *Jeſus'* hallow'd Name defiles;
Deep-ſchem'd in Murder; principled in Wiles:)
Indian Allies thought Mercy touch'd their Breaſts,
And wonder'd at Remorſe in Chriſtian Prieſts.
Officious Fame will now no longer wait
Slow Explorators at thy purpos'd Strait.
Lo, with anticipating Haſte ſhe flies,
Thro' mediate Climes and occidental Skies,
O'ertakes

L. 75. ——— Quebec *fore-dates.*] The Capital of the *French* Dominions in *Canada.*

L. 76. *And hears brave* Pepp'rel *thund'ring on her Gates.*] Well known, and renowned for reducing with his Countrymen of *New-England*, in Conjunction with the brave Admiral *Warren*, the ſtrong and important Town of *Cape-Breton.*

O'ertakes the Sun, and bids both Poles reſound
With her inflated Trump thy Name renown'd.
New *Mexicoes* the Blaſt ſonorous hear,
Which ſhakes their Pagods with foreboding Fear.
The wond'rous Change, by rev'rend Seers of old
To their primæval Anceſtors foretold,
They hope at Hand; and with Impatience wait
The foreign Gueſts to mend their Minds and State:
Deſtin'd by purer Rites, and civil Arts,
To win Heav'n's Favor, and refine their Hearts;
While interdicted Altars ſmoke no more
With Captives ſacrific'd and human Gore.
Each unfound Realm expectant now divines
The mighty Criſis by concurring Signs.
Whether their Heads the wreathing Plumes infold,
Or the ſpoil'd Beaver tolerates the Cold;
Whether beneath the torrid Line they glow,
Or freeze in Winters of relentleſs Snow.
Soon their ſwift Praws, or crouded Junks ſhall greet,
By thy propitious Care, our laden Fleet;

Bleſs

Bleſs the fair Strangers, ſpread their native Store,
And lure them to the hoſpitable Shore;
Their Treaſures of barbaric Pride unfold,
The gloſſy Fur, Spice, Jewel, Balm, or Gold;
In rev'rence of ſuperior Natures bend,
And high the ſacred Calumet extend;
Gaze on th' unoliv'd Skin and diff'rent Hue,
And the vaſt Ships with Admiration view;
Hear, as Inſtinct with Spirit, Cannons roar,
Fall proſtrate, and the God inclos'd adore;
While ſilk-graſs Flags, on maſted Canes unfurl'd,
Salute the Benefactor of the World.

To Thee, who lov'ſt the Worth of ev'ry Clime,
All Men are Brethren, form'd with Souls ſublime;
All Fellow-Citizens thro' peopled Earth;
Nor aſk'ſt thou to what Soil they owe their Birth.
Periſh, the local View; the narrow Breaſt,
That proves not Merit by its only Teſt!
When the rich Heart Virtues, like thine, adorn,
The tawny Sons of *Ind* are *Britons* born.

Theſe

Line 114. *And high the ſacred Calumet.*] The *Indian* Pipe of Peace.

Theſe ſhall thy ſympathizing Thoughts admire,
Their brave Ferocity, and Souls of Fire;
The Mien of Majeſty, the ſtately Pace,
The Front erect, and Slave-diſdaining Face;
Of varying Paſſions the quick genuine Start;
And honeſt Features op'ning to the Heart:
Geſtures ſincere: Words, that all Guile defy;
And Tongues untaught by Chriſtian Fraud to lye:
Stature o'erlooking *Europe*'s Pigmy Breed;
And agile Limbs, that mate the Roe in ſpeed:
While for their Country noble Ardors riſe,
And burniſh'd Freedom lightens from their Eyes!
Soon ſhalt thou ſay:—'O *Britons*, what Diſgrace
'To injure theſe?---Theſe, a fraternal Race!
'What Jewels here ineſtimable ſhine;
'Rude from rough Nature's adamantine Mine!
'Such were our Anceſtors; e'er *Cæſar*'s Sword
'Impos'd the Yoke of a tyrannick Lord!
'Theſe by ſuperior Skill in Murder's Trade,
'O who, but Fiends incarnate, cou'd invade?

'Theſe

'These who oppress; but Those, for Gold who yell;
'Like *Cortez* imp'd by *Spain*, by *Rome*, by Hell?
'Such, who, themselves dragging their Despot's Chain,
'See alien Freedom with invidious Pain:
'By Mufti-Festas with infernal Joy
'Detach'd innoxious Kingdoms to destroy:
'Rampant for Mines, who land; proceed to Shares;
'Erect a Cross, and call the Country their's!
'Christians; who like *Pizzaro*, or the Pest,
'Massacre Millions, and inslave the Rest;
'By Extirpation prove their Right supreme,
'And swim to Empire thro' a purple Stream!
'Who, pleas'd and wanton 'midst rackt Wretches Groans,
'See golden Piles still rising from their Moans!
'Vultures; who snuff refresh'd the Steam of Blood,
'While salient Gore besmears their reeking Rood!
'Egregious Chiefs; who pull indignant down
'The native Idols, and advance their own!
'The Head who polish, but the Heart pollute;
'And file the Convert to a total Brute!

Who

Line 154. *Mufti-Festas.*] The Pope's Bulls.

'Who ſpoil their Morals to inlarge their Creed;
'And leave them chriſten'd Cannibals indeed!
'Happy *Peru*! ere *Spaniards* ſaw your Coaſt!
'A *Charles* you got; but, O! an *Inca* loſt!
'By filial Subjects with aw'd Love addreſt:
'Their Legiſlator, Father, King, and Prieſt!
'Direful Exchange! ſuch Comfort *Rome* obtain'd;
'When *Titus* periſh'd, and *Domitian* reign'd!
'Monſtrous Tranſition! when ev'n Nature's Light
'Sunk into Shades, o'ercaſt by Monkiſh Night!
'When Inqueſt-Fire ſolder'd Religion's Flaws;
'And Edicts ſuperſeded *Copac*'s Laws!
'Yet to thy Sons oppreſt one Joy remains,'
'Midſt ſubterranean Darkneſs, Mines and Chains!
'With Vengeance digging; from the ſhining Graves
'They draw what makes their Maſters greater Slaves;
'And, taught their Bodies that their Souls ſurvive,
'Smiling renounce the Heav'n, where *Spaniards* live!
'Bleſt Prince! once Patron of our great Deſign!
'From whom deſcends *Britannia*'s regal Line!

'Thou! for whom Mortals and Immortals ſtrove;
'If here thou ſhou'dſt reign late, or ſoon above!
'On whom, mature for the *ſupreme* Regard,
'*Juſtice* confer'd an undelay'd Reward:
'The Worth, it lent, from impious Realms remov'd;
'And, ſcourging Earth, the Joys of Heav'n improv'd!
'All-radiant; look from thy celeſtial Throne;
'Social in Bliſs with *Edward*'s glorious Son!
'Teach us, Thou rais'd from Royal to Divine,
'How we may only grieve and not repine.
'O Thou, whoſe Form ſhall bleſs theſe Eyes no more,
'Let us but weep, forbidden to adore.
'If ſtill thy *Britons*, late their *Fred'rick*'s Care,
'Ought of thy Love 'midſt Light eternal ſhare:
'If Heav'n averts its deprecated Ire;
'O ſhed benign from Streams of Seraph Fire;
'Shed Rays of Favor on our mourning Iſle,
'And ſtill, unſeen, with gracious Influence ſmile:
'The State's ſlow Movements touch with regent Hand;
'Retone its Springs, and animate our Land!

' Soul of our honor'd Enterprize preſide:
' Our Hopes invig'rate; and our Councils guide!
' Lo, we addreſs Thee, wrapt in heav'nly Flames,
' By thoſe once tender, ſtill endearing, Names:
' By *Him*, to whom thou ow'dſt thy mortal Part:
' By *Her*, unrival'd in thy faithful Heart:
' By *Thoſe*, who ſtill thy gentle Spirit move;
' Pledges of national and nuptial Love!
' *Thoſe*, who receiv'd thy ſtraining Eye's laſt Roll:
' *Her*, who detain'd a while thy ſoaring Soul!
' Lo, We addreſs!--thy precious Reliques ſtill
' To guard from mental and external Ill!
' Let the lov'd *Youth*, now to a Throne more near,
' In Heav'n's due Time the Crown unſully'd wear!
' On our bad World ſtill ſome kind Thoughts imploy;
' And from Pollution guard th' Imperial Boy!
' Thro' Pleaſure's Tears let grateful Millions ſee
' Their *Fred'rick*'s living Image, worthy Thee!
' While beams his Father's Goodneſs from his Face,
' 'Midſt Sweetneſs ſmiling with maternal Grace!

'And You, illuſtrious Prince, our Hopes repay:
'Whom Aval Wiſdom trains to future Sway!
'Whoſe ſequent Reign ſhall glorious Acts afford,
'For future *Hides* or *Salluſts* to record.
'O blooming *George*, in ſome yet diſtant Year,
'When you the pond'rous Helm of Empire ſteer:
'When Heav'n commits the Scepter to your Hand;
'O with parental Virtues rule our Land!
'Supremely with inherent Splendor blaze;
'And vindicate hereditary Praiſe!
'When public Spirit ſwells beneath your Sway,
'And o'er new Oceans Commerce wings its Way:
'Then let the Royal Clemency extend
'The natal Rights of Mankind to defend:
'Let new-known Worlds hail your protective Pow'r;
'The Strong not graſp; the Greedy not devour:
'Your Subſtitute let white-rob'd Juſtice ſtand;
'And poize her Scales with uninclining Hand.
'Your Navy's Triumph when new *Ophirs* hear,
'And Southern Continents your Fame revere:

'When

'When your proud Capital thro' gazing Streets
'Ambaſſadors in ſtrange Proceſſion greets:
'When the vermilion'd and exotic Train
'Draw Wonder's Eyes, and chronicle your Reign:
'Let Theſe, great Prince, find Favor in your Sight,
'Nor ev'n their Tender of Alliance ſlight!
'Thence fair-won Wealth your Glory ſhall ſupport;
'And moral Policy adorn your Court:
'Thence Miniſters ſhall fear no *French* Intrigues;
'No foul Evaſions, nor inſidious Leagues.
'Confed'rates Theſe! no Stipend who require;
'Who pawn not mercenary Faith for Hire:
'Whoſe Truth not Oaths, nor written Treaties bind;
'But gen'rous Sanctions, and a willing Mind.
'Theſe to your Equity ſhall Homage pay:
'Theſe uncompell'd more righteouſly obey;
'And tho' their deareſt Freedom they maintain,
'The Tyrant's End without his Guilt you gain.
'Convex'd o'er Earth while your Dominions run,
'Purſue the Day, and tire th' unſetting Sun.

When

When our fifth *Harry* wak'd the tragic Lyre;
Britain's firſt Bard invok'd a Muſe of Fire.
Such Aid I need, while with ambitious Wing
I ſoar to lift the Patriot o'er the King:
O'er the Blood-purpled Conqueror to raiſe
His Country's Savior in exalted Praiſe!
Yes, a more elevated Theme invites
Than laurel'd Royalty my honeſt Flights:
Than mighty Victors by Succeſs undone;
Or leſſer Realms inſlav'd, by greater won.
Go, authoriz'd by Heav'n's high Mandate, go;
'Midſt glaciate Rocks, and Alps of concrete Snow:
Sway the wing'd Winds! Legate divine, ſpeed forth:
Limit the Fury of the lawleſs North:
Tho' the tremendous Tyrant of the Skies,
With ceaſeleſs Darts arm'd infinitely flies.
Thy Courſe thro' frozen Continents explore,
And hear the Tempeſt impotently roar;

Nerv'd

Line 282. See Capt. *Middleton*'s Letter to the Royal Society, on the Cauſes and Effects of the Cold in *Hudſon's Bay*.

Nerv'd with celeſtial Fortitude ſuſtain
The drifted Duſt of Sleet and ſolid Rain:
Where Pyramids congeal'd in verdant Spires
Menace the Clouds, and ſcorn the ſolar Fires.
In humid Gloom, and fetid Night involv'd,
'Midſt ambient Iſlands ne'er to be diſſolv'd;
By the dire Mole's ſubaqueous Prong oppos'd,
In Labyrinths of ſailing Hills inclos'd;
Whoſe Height o'erlooks thy Heav'n-directed Pine,
Whoſe Depth exhauſts thy many-fathom'd Line;
'Midſt the hoarſe ſhocking Craſh of fractur'd Mounds,
The Rut of Billows, and terrific Sounds:
When quakes the ſtrong-rib'd Frigate to the Blaſt;
When groans the Shrowd, and bends the ſhudd'ring Maſt.
Or when with loaded Yards her bare Poles reel;
And rais'd abaft ſhe ſhows her frothy Keel:
When Stern dead-lighted to the driving Eaſt;
Pitching a-head and ſcudding to the Weſt.
Or when around the ſolemn Dangers riſe
And manifold Perdition meets thine Eyes:

Daſh'd and rebuff'd, when gape her chaſmy Sides,
'Midſt eddy'd Currents and diſtracted Tides:
While wanders the wild Rack of guſty Clouds;
While frowns the Welkin charg'd with Squalls and Floods,
'Till Winds 'gainſt Winds in boiſt'rous Combat blow,
All Hurricanes above, and Whirlpools all below.
Ev'n then thy Soul, ſuperior to Deſpair,
Shall know Heav'n hears thine anxious Country's Pray'r;
In needful Time an Aperture diſplays,
And gracious guides thee thro' the dreadful Maze:
While thy bold Mates with grateful Heart confeſs;
It ne'er forſakes a Vot'ry in Diſtreſs.
Lo, thou ſerene 'midſt elemental Strife,
While unſeen Hoſts guard thine important Life:
While the tormented Air and Ocean jar;
And Nature heaves with aggregated War:
While burſting Thunders ſhake Earth, Seas, and Skies;
And the barb'd Flame in darted Terrors flies;
Shalt ſtand intrepid, with a Mind at large;
Of all-preſiding Providence the Charge;

Perceive

Perceive internal Strength; thy Firmneſs keep;
Ponder th' Almighty's Wonders in the Deep;
Declare no Chance, no Perils can controul
The noble Purpoſe of a *Briton*'s Soul;
With ſteddy Eyes on ſtorming Horrors gaze,
Smile o'er the Lightning, and enjoy the Blaze!
Proceed: tho' *Britain*'s, Heav'n's, and Mankind's Foes
(Curſt League!) the ſalutary Work oppoſe:
Tho' ſecret Envy pines: tho' Malice burns:
Tho' (ſelf-conſuming Fiend!) pale Av'rice mourns:
Tho' filthy Lucre threats, with Harpy-claws:
Tho' charter'd Lordanes plead excluſive Laws:
Tho' vile Monopoly, in Reaſon's Spite,
Tramples Communion, and great Nature's Right:
Tho' Wealth--rais'd Pygmies, ſwoln to Giant-Pride,
Bribing and brib'd o'er proſtrate Juſtice ſtride!
Arm, Chriſtian Hero: ſail, like *Theſeus*, quell
The baneful Brood; Monſters of Earth and Hell!
While on thy Poop *Britannia*'s Enſigns flow;
Plant thou Salvation's Banner on thy Prow!

This follow; conqu'ring by Perſwaſion's Sword;
And triumph in fair Truth's coercive Word!
Champion of Science; dread of Error, ſpeed;
And vindicate thy Theory by Deed:
Stamp Demonſtration on the noble Plan;
And prove the Blindneſs of ingrateful Man!
Fly thro' the Works of Providence, and trace
Awful Contrivance, Elegance, and Grace.
Obey loud Nature's univerſal Call;
Tell what new Beauties harmonize the Ball;
How Parts and Whole concur by Heav'n's Decree:
How Thoſe with This, and All with Each agree:
How equal Earth and Water poize the Globe;
While no Excreſcence dares deform its Robe!
Show from each Clime what vary'd Bounties ſtream;
And glorify the Architect ſupreme:
Paternal Pow'r! who lib'rally ſupplies
This; while to That as wiſely he denies:
To Each whoſe Goodneſs ſome Peculiar grants,
That All may miniſter to mutual Wants;

In Chains of ſocial Amity to bind
His one great Family of Human-kind!
(None independent) forming Man for Man;
And bidding *Britain* commune with *Japan!*
Say; Neceſſaries grow in ſteril Lands,
To anſwer ſimple Nature's prime Demands.
Ev'n there ſome Superfluities are made;
That Arts and Elegance may ſpring from Trade:
Or there the Sea ſtill gives Abundance Birth;
And teems circumfluous for defective Earth.
Declare what Treaſures Snow-ſunk Rocks produce;
How dreary Deſarts howl for human Uſe:
How frigid Zones reward the Advent'rer's Toils:
While earthly Gods are proud of brutal Spoils:
How icy Iſlands limpid Lakes contain;
While Crews refreſh'd deny they float in vain!
Rouze, dormant Spirit; tell repining Sloth,
The ruthleſs *Welcome* boaſts its mercial Growth:

Line 384. *The ruthleſs* Welcome, *&c.*] The Northern Part of the great Bay.

Tell Induſtry; 'twill find, while Ocean rolls,
Banda, *Saint Barbe*, and *Guinea* in the Poles:
Bid it no longer ſigh for Wealth decay'd;
Meanly contending for precarious Trade.
If Lux'ry buys: demand, can Traffick fail,
While ſwims the Sea-horſe, or while ſpouts the Whale?
Tho' Heav'n, for Purpoſes, to us unknown,
Or till our Nations public Guilt atone,
Thy Paſſage, (undiſcourag'd, hear) delays:
Let Labor improbous invent new Ways!
Do Eaſtern Barriers cramp a *Briton*'s Soul?
Is Weſt deny'd? then elevate the Pole!
Subdue th' aſtoniſh'd Globe! 'tis God's Command;
Who never made unviſitable Land!
Trade's Science graft on Difficulty's Root;
And pluck by *Pleiad*-light the golden Fruit!
Bid utmoſt North his Treaſury diſplay;
Baſk in the Warmth of ſemi-annual Day:
From the top'd Pole confuted Pedants ſpurn:
Climb; graſp its Point, and feel Earth's Axis turn.

Baffled,

Baffled, inverted, tho' thy Needle fails:
Other Diſcov'ries ſhall aſſiſt thy Sails.
'Tis Ign'rance ſpeaks; when Nature's Pow'rs we bound;
Say, Dogmatiſts, are all her Secrets found?
Much of her various Acts unknown remains;
And ſhall, till Man deſerves by gen'rous pains!
Remind the faithful Counſellors of Kings,
Whence ſtable Pow'r with brilliant Grandeur ſprings:
Daughters of Commerce! (*Halifax*, thy Care!)
A tender Plant, with'ring in noxious Air!
Which, cheriſh'd, grows a Tree; whoſe Boughs expand,
Loaded with Fruit to nouriſh all the Land!
By This We drain *Potoſi*'s glitt'ring Veins;
And ſervile *Spaniards* delve for *Britain*'s Gains:
By This our Empire of the Ocean roſe:
Hence *George* pours penal Lightning on his Foes;
And bids arm'd *Neptune* in his azure Car
Lead *Warren* forth, his Thunder-bolt of War.
Or ſends his own *Agrippa* to excel
Thy Hero, *Actium*, at fam'd *Portabel*:

Or ſpeeds himſelf; exerts the Man Divine,
And with juſt Vengeance fulminates the *Rhine*;
Leads his brave Hoſts to reſcue Realms diſtreſt;
And, abdicates his own, for *Europe*'s Reſt;
Sees with a Father's Joy red Slaughter's Load
Fleſh his *young Lion* in the Field of Blood;
To fed'rate Nations ſays, Be Freedom giv'n!
And, conqu'ring in its Right, affects the Way to Heav'n.
Aided by This, long may the Monarch reign,
Lord of our Hearts, and Sov'reign of the Main!
To Glory's Summit all-triumphant ſpring,
And in the Patriot magnify the King!
If, Sir, your Worth I may preſume to rate;
Worth, that exalts you o'er th' ignoble Great:
To nothing mean you'll think my Soul can bend,
Or act a Courtier, yet profeſs a Friend!

What

Line 426. ——*fulminates the* Rhine.] *Fulminat Euphraten bello*, &c. Virg.

L. 430. ——*in the Field of Blood.*] At *Dettingen.*

L. 437. *If, Sir, your Worth I may preſume to rate.*] In Imitation of *Horace*'s Epiſtle, *Si bene me novi, metues liberrime Lolli*, &c.

What Diff'rence marks the Matron's virtuous Smile
From the baſe Wanton's mercenary Wile?
Such, and ſo great, ſhall glaringly appear
'Twixt Candor's Air, and Adulation's Leer.
Oppos'd to This, another Vice I flee,
Diff'rent in Kind, and equal in Degree;
Urbanity's Reverſe; ferocious Bane
Of All, that's decent, ſocial, or humane:
For, which ſhocks moſt, may well admit Diſpute,
The nauſeous Flatt'rer, or the ruſtic Brute.
Thou pure of Spirit, *Addiſon*, attend;
Muſic and Fire, Maſter of Numbers, lend;
Or Both in One, *Pope*, without Rival born,
My various Theme in vary'd Stile adorn.
Bid Art and Nature breathe thro' ev'ry Line;
Thou, delicate of Phraſe, with Sentiment Divine!
Juſt Indignation arms my guiltleſs Quill,
Sharpens its Point, and bids the Gall diſtil.

Trade

Line 452. *Muſic and Fire, Maſter of Numbers, lend.*] Mr. *Dryden.*

Trade and Religion! Theſe demand a Strain,
Terrific to the Slothful and Profane.
Yet think my Satire ſtill th' Effect of *Art*,
But praiſe the genuine Offspring of my Heart.
This from a Chryſtal Rock ſpontaneous flows;
That, forc'd from foreign Seed, unnaturally grows.
Thro' waſted Earth bid War's dire Ravage ceaſe,
And Trade revive in honorable Peace:
Mercantile Wealth from ſcepter'd Madmen ſhield,
And turn Ambition to a nobler Field:
Expoſe the fatal Maxims of the Great,
When Wiſdom dwindles into Tricks of State:
Reclaim the Savages of ev'ry Sort,
Who range an *Indian* Swamp, or Chriſtian Court;
In lordly Boſoms (arduous Taſk!) implant
A Feeling of their Fellow-Creatures Want,
Teach callous'd Hearts a firſt Remorſe to know;
And Cheeks of Bronze with Bluſhes once to glow;
Point out their Duty in the Face of Day;
Bid them no more their King or God betray:

Mark

Mark the plain Paths, that lead to certain Fame;
And conſecrate the worthy Stateſman's Name:
Who ſteers with ſteddy Rectitude his Courſe,
Nor deviates into Cunning's mean Reſource;
Inflexibly purſues Truth's golden Rules,
Nor makes his Web his Snare, like wily Fools:
Who, emulous of *Onſlow*'s Excellence,
Thinks, want of Virtue is Defect of Senſe.
He, who Religion's real Worth aſſays;
Nor the pure Ore corrupts by baſe Allays:
Knows how with civil Int'reſt This to join;
And *Cæſar*'s Image ſtamps on God's own Coin:
Not uſing This, a Maſk his Jobs to aid;
Or meer Court-Engine on his Country play'd:
Or Blind, from whence to take a ſkulking Aim;
Or Stalking-Horſe to ſhoot unlawful Game!
Who hears griev'd Merchants, ſtudious to redreſs,
Nor will in vain the ſtapled Wool-ſack preſs:

Line 485. *Who, emulous of* Onſlow's *Excellence.*] The Right Honourable the Speaker of the Houſe of Commons.

Worth, wreck'd for gen'ral Profit, proud to cheer;
With Heart above Suſpicion's crafty Leer:
Born to preſide; controul the Storm-vex'd Helm;
And pitch the reeling Pillars of the Realm.
Show *Cheſterfield* to *Attic* Standards rais'd
In various Worth, and popularly prais'd:
Phocion in Conduct; *Solon* in Eſteem;
Merit's Aſylum, and the Muſe's Theme;
Whoſe Words, whoſe Deeds, to one great Center tend;
Honor his Means, and gen'ral Good his End;
While o'er Mankind in Eloquence and Wit
'Tis but his ſecond Praiſe ſupreme to ſit:
Whoſe Tongue reſtores *Demoſthenes* improv'd,
Whoſe *Manner Alcibiades* belov'd:
Too high for Envy, negligently bright;
Sure of all Hearts, as *Egypt*'s Queen, at Sight:
Like *Pallas*' Temple exquiſitely grac'd,
In her own *Athens*, with *Periclean* Taſte:
Where jealous Nature check'd aſpiring Art,
And cry'd, diſdainful of her Handmaid's Part;

Claim

'Claim not the Merit of a Work Divine!
'Nought, but the happy Poliſh here, is thine.
Cato's firm Heart and Eminence of Mind,
With all the Grace of *Atticus* refin'd,
To *Granville* give: with *Tully*'s Charms prepar'd
To ſpeak, or act what the laſt *Brutus* dar'd.
Foe to their Faults; who, to his Race a Friend,
Pities their Error, nor deſpairs to mend:
Who ev'ry public Act, that Merit ſchemes,
A private Favor to himſelf eſteems.
Whoſe fair Ovation ſhames proud Triumph's Car:
Whoſe Civic Crown outſhines great *Edward*'s Star:
Who Glory's Pyramid, for Time's laſt Years,
On Virtue's Adamantine Baſis rears.
With Theſe, *Britannia*'s greater *Colbert* join;
Who glowing blends Benevolence Divine!
Patron of Commerce!—From Self-knowledge wiſe;
Who finds his noble Talents, and applies.

Line 531. ——greater Colbert *join.*] The Earl of *Halifax.*

Who North and South, 'midſt Earth's and Heav'n's Ap-[plauſe,
Extends our Empire and the Chriſtian Cauſe!
Who, led by Charity, to Fame proceeds;
And Trade incouraging, his Millions feeds!
Whoſe Soul for gen'rous Enterprize is form'd;
Matur'd by Judgment, as by Genius warm'd:
Reſolv'd his Country's Glory to diffuſe,
And give new Subjects to th' Heroic Muſe!
Whom future Bards in diſtant Climes ſhall ſing,
And fix new Æras from our reigning King;
While from *Acadia* peopled, more Renown,
(As from his *Georgia*) flows to beam his Crown,
Than the green Palms on Vict'ry's Standard yield
In *Dettingen*, or *Oudenard*'s fam'd Field!
Nor yet, good Sir, thy gen'rous Talk be done!
Sidney diſplay, reviv'd in *Lyttleton*!
Heir of his Candor, Eloquence, and Bays:
Abaſh'd to take, and fond to render Praiſe!
Like Heav'n, who hates not whom he can't approve;
And ſees ſtill left Virtue enough to love!

In

Line 535: *Who North and South.*] Alluding to his generous Protection of the *Weſt-Indian* Iſlands, as well as to the important Settlement of *Nova Scotia*.

In whom (if Royal Sanctions recommend)
One happy *Prince*, — ah! — found a private Friend!
The Lover of his Country, and of Thee:
The Friend of *Weſt*; and ev'n a Friend to Me!
Who, not aſham'd Religion's Cauſe to own,
Borrows its brighteſt Jewel from the Crown:
Which, in a Blaze of Glory ſtreaming forth,
Abſorbs all Rays of ſecondary Worth!
Humble, he wears it too: the Lay-Divine:
Bold a Defender of the Faith to ſhine!
His, or great *David*'s Muſe, lo, Juſtice calls,
To celebrate thy Labors with *Saint Paul*'s!
Nor, O! what Gratitude injoins, forget!
In public Tribute pay my private Debt:
To *Pollio* pay; and with the Muſe combine
To tell Society its Friend is mine:
Whoſe Praiſe impow'r'd my liſping Tongue to ſing,
Whoſe Favors flush'd Ambition's Infant-Wing:
Who nor to Others, nor Himſelf, a Slave;
By Judgment right, by Princ[illegible]ave,

In

In whom I mark'd the dawning Rays of Truth;
And hail'd the Patriot bright'ning in the Youth;
'Till the ſelf-kindled Fire, that ſcorn'd Controul,
In burſting Flame illumin'd all his Soul;
Diffuſive ſhed an Effluence unconfin'd,
And ſhone to warm his Country, and Mankind!
Here chaſte of Praiſe, my *Phœbus* names but Few.
Remote I live, and Heav'n has *Montague!*
With great *Argyle*, good *Chandos* is no more;
And the ſick Virtues *Richmond* dead deplore.
Would honeſt Fame inſtruct my faithful Tongue;
No bright Example ſhould remain unſung;
None, that may yet revive our genial Fire;
Ere faded Glory's cruſting Orb expire.
One I remember, to the Muſe indear'd,
(Ere ſafe to Port his *Friend* thro' Tempeſts ſteer'd.)
Smiling, who half a Senate's Rage diſarm'd:
Speaking, determin'd Oppoſition charm'd.
With

Line 590. *Earl of Or* *Tempeſts ſteer'd.*] *Sir* Robert Walpole,

With Looks that durſt a Stateſman's Heart diſplay;
Still elegantly firm, and wiſely gay:
With placent Eye, and Tongue diſtilling Balm;
Cool amidſt Fire, and in a Tumult calm;
Whoſe gen'rous Care (mercantile Praiſe reports)
Shows public Spirit not extinct in Courts.
Does He pour Treaſure from its genuine Source?
Does He reſtore his Country's Naval Force?
Does frighted *Belgia* ply her Bribes again,
And ſpurns He back her *Plumbs* with brave Diſdain?
Our Native Fiſh'ry does his Zeal promote?
--Courtier,--Fame ſays,---'twill vindicate your Vote.--
To plant fair *Scotia* does his Voice conſpire?
—Tune, Sons of *Phœbus*, tune th' unvenal Lyre!
O'er circled Earth does He the Rout reverſe;
And to thy Strait thro' Eaſtern Inlets pierce?

Does

Line 608. *Eaſtern Inlets.*] The Straits of *Anian*, whither, as the Author was informed, Mr. *Ellis* was ſent to diſcover, by the ſureſt Way, the Communication between the *South Sea* and the *Atlantic*.

Does He ſhy *Nipbon*'s argent Iſles explore;
While our Sails whiten the remoteſt Shore?
Does *Britain* by His Auſpices regain
The bulky Tribute of the Boreal Main?
Is He a Maſter-ſpring for Trade's Increaſe?
—'Twill fix his Pow'r, and juſtify the Peace!
Thus, Sir, improve your Deodand in Truſt!
To Heav'n and Earth live obſtinately juſt!
Plac'd, or unplac'd, let Merit have its Due:
Nor This with jaundic'd Eyes of Party view:
Its Rays converg'd to Love's bright Center draw;
And let the judging Heart hear Candor's Law:
Nor bluſh to own, (tho' Rivals may contend)
A private Foe oft ſhines a public Friend!
Mark the good Man, amidſt this worldly Strife,
Divinely bleſt in ev'ry Scene of Life!

The

L. 609. Niphon's *argent Iſles.*] It is believed, that there are ſome rich Iſlands to the North East of *Japan* or *Nipbon*, abounding in Silver, which it is the Policy of that Empire to conceal from the reſt of the World, eſpecially *Europeans*. This accounts for the extreme Jealouſy there, and Caution, in permitting the leaſt Commerce with Foreigners.

The Man; who vainly nor exults nor mourns;
Who each Occurrence to Advantage turns;
Proſp'rous or adverſe, welcomes ev'ry State;
In Diſappointment firm, nor baſely great.
Prepar'd for Change, whom Fortune cannot jilt:
Who hopes on Racks, and fears no Ill but Guilt:
Who, pow'rful, dares to die; but not oppreſs;
And, rich, is thankful for the Means to bleſs:
Who, doing Good, reſigns all Praiſe to Heav'n;
And, injur'd, ſmiles; becauſe he has forgiv'n:
Who tries his Sphere's Extent; his Motion's Force;
Nor ſtarts excentric, nor contracts his Courſe:
Who ſeeks not Right by Wrong; nor breaks to bend;
And ſtill his Mean proportions to his End:
Who hunts not Happineſs in wild Extremes;
The Pride of Stoics, or the Hermit's Dreams.
Like Statutes, who reveres Heart-written Laws:
Active of Soul; and gen'rous as his Cauſe.
For whom Fanatic Dread creates no Devil;
Who proves a God ev'n from permitted Evil.

Enthuſiaſt only for his Country's Good;
For This who lives; for This who pours his Blood:
This! potent Paſſion, ſov'reign of his Mind;
For This till Death who holds his Poſt aſſign'd!
Whoſe Rule of Action is the Will Divine;
That bids by Light reveal'd dim Reaſon ſhine;
And warns its Pilgrims here, in All they do,
Still, ſtill, to keep Eternity in View.
Where ſuch exiſts, there lives an honeſt Man:
And ſuch (if Happineſs I rightly ſcan)
At Home, in Exile, acting, or at Reſt;
In *Ulubræ*, or at the Pole, is bleſt.

Line 656. *Eſt Ulubris.* Hor.

The END *of the* Firſt Part.

AN EPISTLE, &c.

PART II.

HAIL Thou, hail, all-benevolent of Mind,
Born for the Weal and Glory of Mankind!
Whose Soul, unbounded by terreſtrial Space,
Maintains the Dignity of human Race:
Aſſerts her Right to Fame's immortal Throne,
And makes th' Eternity to come her own!
O perſevere, wiſe, gen'rous, good and great,
Dauntleſs proceed, charg'd with a Kingdom's Fate!

Go, crown'd with Bleſſings of thy native Land;
While ſhouting Thouſands wait thee to the Strand:
O ſpeed, by ev'ry honeſt Mind approv'd,
Thou loving all Men, and by all belov'd!
See, Heart-breath'd Wiſhes aid propitious Gales!
See, gentle Auſter courts th' advent'rous Sails!
See, the North-Star its brighteſt Rays ſends forth;
As conſcious of an Int'reſt in thy Worth:
As forc'd no longer, like the Sun, by *Spain*
To ſhine on t'other Hemiſphere in vain!
See our own *Neptune*'s Face in Smiles new-dreſt
To meet his younger Brother of the Weſt!
He too *Pacific* ſeems, and proud in State,
Of *Britiſh* Argonauts ſupports the Freight!
A while let *Orkney* ſtop thee in thy Way:
Of the wiſh'd Paſſage ſignal Proofs ſurvey!
There by communicating Oceans borne,
See fruited Trees from Coaſts of *Corea* torn:

See,

Line 17. ——————*by* Spain.] See *Waller*'s Poem, *Now for ſome Ages had the Pride of* Spain, *&c.*

L. 26. *See fruited Trees.*] Theſe Products of the *Eaſt-Indies*, ſaid to be ſometimes found on the Shores of the *Scotch* Iſlands, are urg'd as a Proof of the North-Weſt Paſſage.

See, Eaſtward roll'd, to ſpeed thy gen'rous Toils,
On *Calidonian* Shores *Luconia*'s Spoils!
Thence ere you paſs, arreſt again your Sail:
The trophy'd Shore where *William* conquer'd hail!
William! thro' Time's Records a deathleſs Name!
Auſpicious to our Iſles, and dear to Fame!
With thund'ring Peals th' idea'd Hero greet;
Where lay Rebellion gaſping at his Feet!
Think on the Beach you ſee the brave Youth ſtand;
Deaf with the Praiſes of a reſcu'd Land:
Let thy warm Mind re-act the glorious Scene;
And paint the Royally-tremendous Mien!
See him the crimſon Sword of Freedom wield;
Beauteouſly dreadful from the bleeding Field!
See the chain'd Dæmons, Tyranny and *Rome*,
Coupled, like Hell's grim Dogs, await their Doom!
Think the victorious Squadrons rend the Sky:
Think conſcious Hills, and vocal Rocks reply!
With their's, thy Tribute of Applauſe be giv'n,
And Sea, like Earth, ſend up his Name to Heav'n!

Now the ting'd Surface of yon paler Deep
Mark, while from *Shetland* the finn'd Nations ſweep:
From North to South there ſee the length'ning Shole,
And call forth all the Patriot in thy Soul!
Sequent for Prey, mark the voracious Crew,
The wing'd Freebooters, Gannet, Gull, and Mew!
See o'er the teeming Wave Theſe richly dine,
And dart precipitate, or ſheer the Brine!
Aſk thy ſham'd Country, ſhall the bounteous Main
Still pour its Treaſures on her Shores in vain?
Cou'd Pigmy-*Belgia* from our ravag'd Coaſt,
Umpire of Earth riſe by yon rolling Hoſt;
Fix her young State, and give her Navy Wings,
The Queen of *India*, and the Dread of Kings?
While Ocean's Lords ſtill brib'd, or vainly warn'd,
From Age to Age kind Nature's Tribute ſcorn'd;
Saw mounting Wrens to High and Mighty Pow'r,
Great by their Sloth, on Eagle-Pinions tow'r;
Diſſolv'd

Diſſolv'd their Strength, " melting in Pleaſures lay,
" And for a Woman gave the World away!
Dares *France* a Rivalſhip at Sea affect;
Victrix at Land only by om Neglect?
Groan We beneath ar eat regula Million Load,
in
Factious at home, and leſs eſteem'd abroad?
Lo! yon Reſource our Loſſes ſhall repair;
And Wealth and Honor ſpring emergent there!
Behold the Means to curb Ambition's Pride,
Man our full Fleets, and ſay—the World's defy'd!
While yet a *Briton*'s Name ſhall ſpread more Awe
Than erſt a *Roman*'s, that gave Mankind Law:
While our great Monarch doubling his Command,
Shall count more Subjects on the Waves than Land;
Our Caſtled Oaks the crowded Coaſt immure,
And ſailing Ramparts Earth and Sea ſecure!
Lo! *Amphitrite* bids her *Nereus* ſwell
The plauſive Clangor of his vocal Shell!

The

L. 65. *Melting in Pleaſures lay.*] Alluding to the Bribery and Luxury of King *Charles* II's Reign. —See *Lee*'s *Sophoniſba.*

The Call Divine to fair *Auguſta* floats;
Thame hears the Summons in triumphant Notes!
Wak'd from the Manſions of th' Heroic Dead,
Our Iſle's old Ge[illegible]ſts his awful Head!
Spirit by Wiſdo[illegible]revives at laſt,
And *Dover*'s Cliffs reverberate the Blaſt!
Wing'd Fame bids joyous Plenty ſmile around;
And to proud *Thulé Wight* reſtores the Sound!
Nets, Anchors, Maſts, Plank, Timber, load the Docks:
Lo, beauteous riſe the Piles, and groan the Stocks!
Mercantile Hearts celeſtial Ardor warms!
The nautic Youth ruſh in officious Swarms:
Impatient, lo, they launch the ſtreamer'd Buſs!
Bold as the *Swede*, and hardy as the *Ruſs*.
Now tremble, *France*, confeſs thy Maſter, *Spain*;
And *George* o'er ſcepter'd Tributaries reign.
Lives there, who dares aſſume a *Briton*'s Name,
Unconſcious of a *Pelham*'s noble Flame?
In ſuch a Cauſe, whoſe unaffected Heart
Perceives not honeſt Nature's bounding Start?

Whom

Whom not his Country's riſing Bliſs invites
To catch the Blaze, which Glory's Breath excites?
Periſh the Slave whoſe Boſom fails to glow;
Whoſe Pulſe can now beat regularly low!
When Expectation revels in our Veins,
And ſpreading, Trade each *Nerve* of Pow'r ſuſtains!
Reptile lukewarm, or infamouſly cool,
Whom narrow Caution marks an envious Fool!
Who ſoars not on bold Wings to Heights ſublime,
Whoſe ſordid Prudence vilely creeps to climb!
Diſgrace of *Albion*'s Sons, nor rais'd above
The trait'rous Mediocrity of Love!
Wretch, that can Bounds preſcribe to vaſt Deſires,
When fair Ambition calls, and filial Duty fires?
O Dobbs! I view thee glowing, as I write,
And my warm Mind preſents thee to my Sight!
From thy full Heart congenial Virtues break,
Flaſh'd thro' thine Eye, and burning on thy Cheek!
The bright Contagion, that diſdains Controul,
With kindled Fervor darts from Soul to Soul.

Th' exalted Subject mutual Rapture claims,
The Patriot kindles, and the Bard inflames!
Tho' wide and envious Oceans interpoſe,
Meridian Suns, my Friend, and Artic Snows;
Virginia thus with *Iceland* ſhall unite,
And our Souls blend in local Fortune's ſpite!
Nor wants the diſmal North its Objects gay,
To fix thy Mind, and eaſe thine irkſome Way:
Ev'n there nocturnal Wonders ſhall impart
True Science to th' attentive Gazer's Heart.
Light's ſilver Founts from adventitious Morn
There *Phœbe*'s pallid Empire ſhall adorn.
Boreal Aurora on the Welkin plays,
And wild Refractions toſs the ſportive Rays.
Aerial Gambols charm the Sailor's Eyes:
Tremulous Landſcapes of Incharment riſe:
Around the viſionary Figures dance,
Woods, marſhal'd Armies, and group'd Towns advance!
Now pleas'd he views the Meteor's burſting Streams,
And wide Effuſion of ſucceſſive Gleams:

Toils

Toils are forgot 'midſt the fantaſtic Glow;
While traverſt Corruſcations quiv'ring flow.
The vary'd Scenes delude the tedious Night,
Supply the Sun, and ſhed an aw'd Delight:
And, while the ſheen Phænomenons amuſe,
Cheering and cheer'd, the Voyage he purſues.
Leviathan, ſupreme of Ocean's Brood:
Monarch, proportion'd to his native Flood;
Now, in his Turn, ſhall pleaſe; and call thine Eye
From uneſſential Monſters in the Sky.
While breaking Seas o'er thy tall Quarter roll,
And threat the Platform of thy mizzen Pole;
High-ſpir'd with Spume, while madding Billows ſhow
Like blue Hills, cap'd with agitated Snow:
While thro' the boiling Deep He fills thy Sight:
Thus ſhalt thou ſay; 'Nature, thy Works are right!
'What ſwims, walks, flies o'er the terraqueous Ball;
'In wond'rous Wiſdom haſt thou made them all!
'How Animals with Elements accord:
'Perſuaſive of an univerſal Lord!

'Nor minim Spiders leſs, yon Giant's Food,
'Than their Devourer, prove him wiſe and good!
'No leſs thro' theſe his Providence is trac'd,
'Than Man, in whom his Image is defac'd!
'Him Ocean, Earth, Air, Fire, alike proclaim!
'Hallow'd, for ever hallow'd, be his Name!
'He, who by Land, He, who by Water ſaves:
'Maker and Ruler of the Winds and Waves!
'Behold yon Whale! hence pure Inſtruction ſhines:
'Hence Knowledge flows, that ſhames abſtruſe Divines!
'Yon Column Royal Impotence upbraids!
'He breathes, and ſcorns, *Verſailles*, thy proud Caſcades!
'His Pow'r of Eye gilds yon arch'd azure Lawn,
'Darts the red Glare, and bids the Morning dawn.
'He forms, while high yon wat'ry Tow'r is thrown,
'Peculiar Clouds and Rainbows of his own!
'Extended Fields of Foam declare his Way;
'And diſtant Ships are drench'd in hoary Sprey!
'Flouncing;

Line 175. *His Pow'r of Eye*, &c.] See the Deſcription of Leviathan in the 41ſt Chapter of the Book of *Job*.

' Flouncing, or bellowing, He *becomes* the Main ;
' While ſtrive Heav'n's Tempeſts to be heard in vain!
' Spreading his Side, a ſable Iſle he ſhows ;
' And raiſing his huge Back, a Mountain grows !
' Meaſuring his Length, the *Sov'reign*'s Maſt would fail,
' And Whirlwinds ill expreſs his Force of Tail!
' While Rain ſaline from the vex'd Ocean flies ;
' And upwards ſhoots, in Hiſſes 'gainſt the Skies.
' Now, a vaſt Wreck he rolls, and thwarts the Wind :
' An high Surge booms before: a deep Vale froths behind!
' Approach not, caution'd Mariner, too near ;
' Where curious Boldneſs ſhrinks, chaſtis'd by Fear!
' Where the raſh Eye redundant Terrors pain,
' Sink the ſtout Heart, and whirl the Gazer's Brain !
' Where an Encounter *Albion*'s *Firſt-rate* ſhuns,
' And ſteers obliquely with her hundred Guns !
' Yet Him induſtrious Prudence ſhall ſubdue ;
' When, whom Ships dread, intrepid Boats purſue.
' Now,

Line 185. ——————*the Sov'reign's Maſt would fail.*] The Royal Sovereign Man of War.

'Now, Heroes of the piſcatory War,
'Coil'd Ropes, ſwift Wheels, and thirſty Darts prepare.
'To the *Green Coaſt* thro' purple Waves advance,
'Till Tides of Blood ſtream from the bearded Lance.
'Till on *Spitzbergen*'s Ice the fainting Foe
'Spouts the red Sprey and ſtains the bluſhing Snow!
'Aſſert your ancient Rights, with Force reſtor'd;
'And tax Old *Ocean* in its Offspring's Lord.
'Arms for the grand Diſſection now provide,
'And, gor'd with Wounds, ſcale the dead Mountain's [Side]
'Lo, Fame and Wealth inſpire the gen'rous Taſk;
'With unctious Spoils inrich the tumid Caſk;
'The Treaſures of the mighty Jaw unfold;
'And hence with Beauty's Praiſe, earn purchas'd Gold;
'Theſe in wide Circles to *Britannia*'s Fair
'Shall add reſiſtleſs Elegance of Air;
'Or mold, in gradual Charms ſuperbly grac'd,
'The ſwelling Boſom, and contracted Waiſt.
'Nor here the Barrier fix, where ends the Race:
'To *Zembla*'s Rocks his leſſer Brethren chaſe:

'Second-

'Second-rate Giants there, my Sons, aſſail;
'And win their Weapons, dreadful to the Whale;
'Th' eburnean Tooth, and horizontal Horn;
'Pluck'd from the Morſe, and furious Unicorn.
'Such not the fierce Rhinoceros can boaſt;
'Nor burning *Afric*'s elephantine Coaſt!
'Hence at the Morning-ſhrine of Love's proud Queen,
'Each artful Prieſteſs plies a dire Machine:
'Of matchleſs Candor, dented, and deſign'd
'To turn thoſe Ringlets that inſlave Mankind.
'Here Trade's bold Seminary, nurſt with Care,
'Shall riſe the prime Academy of War;
'Here ſlighted Trophies naval *Mars* regain,
'And to ſuperior Toils his Pupils train;
'Like polar Cold, *Gaul*'s fiery Vollies ſcorn;
'And with new Pomp his roſtrate Pile adorn!'
Now regent Angels of the Sea and Air,
O be *Britannia*'s Delegate your Care!

From

Line 222. *Pluck'd from the Morſe.*] Sea-Horſe.

From Storms, from Rocks, from Men more cruel, guard
(From Men of Prey) your Heav'n-commiſſion'd Ward!
From Theſe, O ſave, to intercept him ſent
By the thron'd Pyrates of the Continent!
Foes, while the fair Creation they deface,
To Menders, as the Maker, of their Race!
Who rate Dominion by Extent of Land;
O'er ruin'd Towns, and ſmoaking Plains command:
By Population boaſt a Country's Good;
And deep manure the Glebe with native Blood:
Whoſe Thirſt of boundleſs Sway, and wanton Pride,
Loud call to Arms each brave Tyrannicide!
Infuriate Plagues! that reign with Iron Rods:
Whom Fools miſtake for Kings, and Slaves for Gods!
But moſt their Sleep mercantile Nations mar;
Supply'd with Freedom's Means, and Nerves of War:
Abhor'd, and dreadful to their Hell-rack'd Souls,
Like Poniards, Truth, or World-avenging Bowls!

Thus

Line 235. *By the thron'd Pyrates*, &c.] Theſe Lines were written before the late Peace was proclaimed in *America*.

Thus thinks a Chriſtian Prieſt in *England*'s Cauſe,
Tenacious of Divine and Human Laws!
Think thus, our undegen'rate Race to come:
And tremble, Slaves of *Bourbon*, *James*, and *Rome!*
Now ſafe from *Spain* and all-rapacious *France*,
To *Reſolution* (omen'd Iſle) advance!
Unterrify'd by *Deſolation*'s Coaſt,
Proceed, and ſcorn bleak *Nivea*'s ruful Hoſt!
Excurſive, lo, *Farewell*'s wing'd Natives fly
T' aſſure thy Pilot their lov'd Cape is nigh!
Thence dauntleſs ſpeed to *Cumbria*'s abrupt Shore,
Yon Ice-chok'd Strait, and ſnow-top'd *Labradore!*
The moving Iſles in glaciate Squadrons meet;
Nor fear to grapple with a driving Sheet!
Its ſolid Side deep let thine Ice-hooks ſeize:
Behind its anchor'd Surface ride at Eaſe!

Line 260. *To* Reſolution, *&c.*] See the Maps of *Greenland*, and *Hudſon*'s Straits.

L. 262.——————Nivea's *ruful Hoſt!*] *Terra Nivea.*

L. 263. Farewell's *wing'd Natives fly.*] A peculiar Sea-Fowl always ſeen near Cape *Farewell*, and never elſewhere.

Dreadfully ſafe, and happily confin'd;
Snug, in its Lee imbay'd, defy the Wind.
Dangers redoubling on the Coward grow;
The Wiſe to Boldneſs Preſervation owe.
Lo, now it ſplits; it opens to thy Way;
And thou, like *Fabius*, conquer'ſt by Delay.
The wide long Ruptures free thy lab'ring Soul;
While the loud Burſts run crackling to the Pole!
Here mark, obſervant of her Acts and Laws,
What wond'rous Rev'rence plaſtic Nature draws!
Here her full Glories in high Pride demand
Milton's rais'd Spirit, or ſtrong *Raphael*'s Hand;
To paint what free Magnificence has made;
Where no Exactneſs mean dares her bold Works degrade!
Majeſtic ſee yon gradual Hills aſcend;
Till in the Skies the ſhining *Andes* end!

See

Line 272. *Snug, in its Lee imbay'd.*] Sea Terms.
L. 286. ——————*the ſhining* Andes *end.*] In Contraſt to the Mountains of *South America*, which are the higheſt in the World.

See their glaz'd Sides with dubious Colours ſport;
And to the Sun his glitt'ring Rays retort!
Around the repercuſſive Splendors dart;
And All to Each alternate Charms impart!
See melted Rivers thro' the Fiſſures deep
Roar rapid down the formidable Steep!
Theſe, as they fall, drink the meridian Glow;
And *Iris* bends in Foam her gaudy Bow!
Southward they ſmile: Northward in duſky Frowns,
Their lengthen'd Shade the frozen Plain imbrowns!
There cold *Parnaſſus* rears his azure Heads;
Here his broad Roots in ruſtic Cryſtal ſpreads!
There on white *Pelion* Sea-green *Oſſa* mounts:
Here the pleas'd Eye their Amber Pillars counts;
New Orders marks in airy Pomp diſplay'd;
Sees *Æol* bluſt'ring in his long Arcade;
And hails in Tranſport his ſuperb Saloon;
Th' incryſtate Foilage, and the grand Feſtoon!
Such might of late ev'n *Pembroke*'s Genius fire:
Such now high-taſted *Burlington* inſpire:

Enliv'ning Fancy, methodiz'd by Art:
Bright as his Mind, capacious as his Heart.
The *Bosphore* now Starboard prepare to pass;
Avoiding on the Left each floating Mass.
Near the bluff Shore lift thine astonish'd Eye
To yon stupendous *Chersonese* on high;
Purchase thine Anchors quick; nor loiter there;
While the dire Cope spreads pendulous in Air:
Beneath its gloomful Umbrage while you sail,
Bend the full Canvas; wish the rapid Gale:
Let rais'd Froth bathe the Gunnel of thy Bow,
And the cleav'd Surges quarrel with thy Prow.
Join'd by its Isthmus to the Mountain's Sides,
See prominent ethereal *Thulé* rides!
In Act to fall, and fill the threaten'd Strait:
With Pow'r to crush proud Cities by its Weight;
Or dash to other Planets *Ocean*'s Floods,
And load new Atmospheres with foreign Clouds!
Sure its huge Basis, by some Earthquake rent,
Or now augments yon rocky Continent;

Deſerting its broad Top: or in vaſt Piles
Its rolling Fragments form yon *Savage* Iſles!
An Emblem This of the tyrannic Great:
Who threat horrific in precarious State!
Concav'd Spheroid!—Such was th' impaſſive Shield;
Briareus 'gainſt the Gods was ſeen to wield!
Such, with a pointed *Eddiſtone*, its Boſs,
He ſhook: himſelf an animate Coloſs!
Striding the Firth, methinks, the Giant ſtands;
And the huge Orb upheaves with fifty Hands:
While on the Right their fifty Brethren ply
Torn Hills; and brave th' Artill'ry of the Sky!
With Diſk opake it intercepts the Sun;
While brumal Damps thro' its wide Influence run!
What ſudden Tremors ev'ry Limb invade;
While the chill'd Crew work in the gelid Shade?
By Cold alone, not Fear, thy *Britons* ſhake!
Now let crown'd Bowls their native Ardor wake!
But firſt an Ax provide, or pond'rous Bar;
And 'gainſt the frozen Potion levy War!

Now

Now let the trowzer'd Youth with Pounders bray;
Or to the central Spirits hew their Way!
Thro' the cask'd Rocks congeal'd, each Miner, ſtrain;
And win the liquid Treaſure they contain!
Where in mid State the Quinteſſence retires;
And, bulwark'd round with Ice, reſerves its Fires!
In Peril's Criſis, thus, the Brave declare;
Sudden they feel, at the Trump's charging Air,
Their Blood, (to fortify the noble Part)
Pour'd in briſk Torrents, warm the ſtrengthning Heart.
Embolden'd now, let Danger do its Worſt!
Theſe may be conquer'd, but they'll periſh firſt.
All-cheer, my Heroes: Sons of Thunder, hail!
Still ſtaunch of Heart; tho' boaſtful Armies fail!
For whom *Old England*'s Friends grudge no Expence:
Her Pride, her Boaſt, her Glory, her Defence!
Now anſwer, *Rome!* can theſe fear hoſtile *Gaul*;
Who wou'd not ſhrink 'midſt ſhiver'd Nature's Fall?
Now, ye lac'd Squadrons, ſcorn the greaſy Veſts:
Tar-jackets ſcorn, lin'd with heroic Breaſts!

In

In *George*'s Cauſe, would Theſe, like your trim Band,
Show their baſe Backs, ye Recreants of the Land!
Ev'n there their Fame let thund'ring *Calpe* tell:
Return'd in equal Peals by *Portabel!*
Where the Sea-Tygers ſprang to ſhore; aſſail'd
The roaring *Horn*; and the tall Baſtion ſcal'd!
Waiting no Breach; ſcorning Art's coward Forms,
They climb'd the Rampart, like their Maſt in Storms:
Ruſhing tremendous like the tenth Wave's Roll;
Conſcious of *Britain*; prodigal of Soul!
The Magazines of Cold as needful ſhow
To craving Worlds, as Suns that genial glow!
Of thankleſs Man ſilence the Lips profane;
And congruous prove each Link of Order's Chain:
Where one pervaſive and connecting *Mind*
Informs and regulates the Whole combin'd.
Father alike of North, of South, of All;
Of univerſal Great; or partial Small!

Line 369. ——————— *thund'ring* Calpe *tell.*] *Gibraltar.*

See its own Station ev'ry Atom claims;
And ſtill co-op'rates for ſome mighty Frames!
See Each its Uſe, and grand Relation knows,
Whether it mounts in Miſts, or falls in Snows:
An Individual there of *Cary*'s Height;
Or here of *Manſel*'s treaſur'd Rocks a Mite!
Particle aiding Syſtems! never loſt!
Swelling the Pomp of yon exalted Coaſt!
Which (regiſter'd by an All-ſeeing Eye;
Trac'd thro' Infinity o'er Earth or Sky:
Diſtinguiſh'd thro' heap'd Matter's ſhifting Tides)
Numbers confound not, nor Minuteneſs hides.
Hail, *North* benign! with various Bliſs replete:
Terror of Daſtards: Plenty's ſolemn Seat!
Hail, hoary King! with unmalignant Frown,
Diſpenſing Favors from thine awful Throne:
Good manifold, and epidemic ſtill;
With but fortuitous, and local Ill!

Whoſe

Line 389. ——Cary's *Height*.] *Cary Swan's Neſt.*

Whoſe Snows prolific warm the Seed'ſ-man's Toil,
Mature the Grain, and meliorate the Soil;
Whence by contrarious Qualities proceeds
What Life ſuſtains, and Vegetation feeds;
Whence Temp'rature to Southern Regions ſprings;
While Health aſcends thy Wind on balmy Wings:
Thy Wind; that clears our Frames by freſh'ning Airs;
While Exerciſe reſtores what Sloth impairs;
Relax'd by Heat, braces elaſtic Nerves;
And Nature in her vital Functions ſerves;
The Chyle refines, nutritious Juices ſtrains,
And lazy Blood propels thro' purer Veins!
Thou greater Czar! moſt potent in Domain:
All-hail! whoſe Subjects bleſs thy bounteous Reign;
Nor would exchange their native Clime, or Modes,
For the luxurious Eaſt; and Pride's Abodes.
Who brave the Billows in their paddled Barge;
And mighty Whales with Bone-tip'd Jav'lins charge;
Congratulate their State, divide the Spoil,
Thank partial Heav'n, and riot in the Oil.

In rich Apartments ſtow'd of living Rock;
And hung with Arras of the Lynx and Brock:
Cloath'd by the Caſtor, bedded by the Bear;
None envy *Hampton*'s Domes, or *Windſor*'s Air.
Hail, Thou; no Stepſire to thy various Brood!
Thou, provident of Raiment, Joy, and Food!
Whoſe Quadrupeds to chill no Froſt preſumes;
Whoſe winged Race thou coat'ſt with double Plumes:
Whoſe ſpicy Shrubs regale the ſcented Ox:
Whoſe floating Iſles ſolace the Bear and Fox:
Whoſe flaky Layers defend the verdant Meer;
While ſubter-Moſs fattens the wanton Deer.
Thy happy Covies thro' the piny Grove
Cuddling enjoy thine Aviary of Love:
Or ſeek their Viands in the ſhelter'd Vale,
Or crop the Berries of the crimſon Dale!

Thy

Line 431. ——— *regale the ſcented Ox.*] The Muſk Ox, whoſe Fleſh is ſaid to cure the Scurvy.

Line 438. *Or crop the Berries*, &c.] The Juniper Berries, on which the Partridge feed.

Thy flock'd Battalions, diſciplin'd on high,
Or in the deep'ning File, or Phalanx fly:
Or point the Wedge; or form the hollow Square;
Or march direct, or wheel oblique in Air;
Thicken their Center, or their *Ales* expand;
As Exigence requires, or Chiefs command;
Humor the boyant Medium in their Flight;
Judge where to halt, and where encamp at Night;
The Watch-word give and faithful Sentries ſet;
Obſequious to th' experienc'd *Martinet*.
Preſcient of Climes and Seaſons, Each performs
His vary'd Duty, or in Calms or Storms:
Knows when to keep the Field, advance no high'r,
Or when for Winter Quarters to retire!
Lo, in the Marſh conven'd, the Senates ſit!
Wiſe *Neſtors* dictate, and young *Greeks* ſubmit!
Theſe feel the Principle Divine within;
And 'gainſt eſtabliſh'd Order never ſin!

Line 439. *Thy flock'd Battalions, diſciplin'd on high.*] Wild Geeſe.

Hark! as you fail, by its own Weight o'erthrown,
Yon Ice-built Promontory tumbles down!
On mighty Waves of Air the Sounds, convey'd
O'er the wide Bay, yon trembling Forts invade!
Stun'd Guilt then hears th' enormous Ruins hurl'd,
And dreads the Diſſolution of the World!
Falling; at once a thouſand Thunders roar!
Breaking; a thouſand Mountains load the Shore!
With many a Bound the hilly Portions fly;
And ſtrange Tornadoes ſtorm the diſtant Sky!
For many a League the Sea perceives the Shocks;
And Earth, convuls'd to her Foundations, rocks!
—Is Chaos come?—for, ſee all Nature ſtart!
See, all Things tremble, but a Patriot's Heart!
Think on the Worthies of *Eliza*'s Days;
And let dead Merit Emulation raiſe:
By vet'ran Chiefs with high Ideas fir'd!
Such *Davis* once! ſuch *Forbiſher* inſpir'd!

Such

Line 460. ——— *yon trembling Forts invade.*] Where the Factories of the *Hudſon*'s Bay Company are ſettled to trade with the *Indians* for their Furs and Peltry.

Such *Anſon* too! the living *Drake!* whoſe Sails
Triumphant ſwell'd with either *India*'s Gales!
Girding the Globe, who rais'd Antartic Stars
To ſhine ſubſervient to his Country's Wars!
Iberian Treaſures ſeiz'd with noble Rape
To orient Day from *Horn*'s tempeſtuous Cape;
Reveng'd our plunder'd Iſle, and pav'd its Shore
With *Chili*'s Bowels, and *Peruvian* Ore!
Who greater ſtill, advanc'd *Britannia*'s Arms
To ſhake Earth's proudeſt Empire with Alarms:
To make her Flag by *Aſia*'s Monarch fear'd;
And *George* o'er eaſtern Majeſty rever'd!
Nor yet content; till, perfect in Renown,
The *Gallic* Lillies wreath'd his Naval Crown!

Raptur'd

Line 475. *Such* Anſon *too!* &c.] See Lord *Anſon's* Voyage round the Globe, by the Rev. Mr. *Walters*.

L. 485. ——Aſia's *Monarch fear'd.*] The *Chineſe* Emperor.

L. 488. *The* Gallic *Lillies*, &c.] By his compleat Victory over the *French* Fleet.

Raptur'd by Theſe, proceed without Delay,
Thro' the firſt Strait to far-fam'd *Hudſon*'s Bay.
O there at laſt let decent Rites be paid;
Appeaſe the nautic Martyr's honor'd Shade!
Before Thee, ſee yon lonely *Marble* Iſle!
This ſhall ſupply Materials for his Pile!
Write, pious Thou, (his youngeſt fav'rite Son,
Deſtin'd to finiſh the great Work begun)
Write, while the vacant Monument you rear,
"*England*'s Reproach, and Glory periſh'd here!"
Now vigilant the fractur'd Coaſt ſurvey!
Larboard, behold yon turgid Monſters play;
Or thro' the Narrows ſhoot their bulky Form;
Or ſleeping on the Wave oppreſs the Storm;
Or genial Joys of Sea-born *Venus* prove;
Impregnating their Dames with boiſt'rous Love!

By

Line 490. ——————Hudſon's *Bay*.] This great Navigator and Diſcoverer of the Strait and Bay of his Name, to whoſe noble Attempts his Country is ſo much indebted, miſerably periſh'd there in the Beginning of the laſt Century, by the Inhumanity of ſome Miſcreants in his Ship.

L. 493. ——————Marble *Iſle*.] Or *Brook-Cobham*, in one of the Iſlets near which the Paſſage to the South-Sea may moſt probably be found.

By Theſe the mazy Aperture explore:
Thy Harbingers to *Jeſſo*'s well-known Shore!
Where in yon Iſle begirt with Rocks and Sands,
In central State a Stone-built *Pharos* ſtands;
Whence with loud Shouts the Centinels on high
Proclaim to Mates below the Prize they ſpy:
While Theſe directed urge their Bone-rib'd Boats
To pierce the Whale egreſſive as he floats.
Where gurging Tides heave o'er yon Ice-torn Grounds,
'Midſt ſhatter'd Iſlands, and disjointed Mounds:
Where on each Hand th' inhoſpitable *Bare*
Shows ſtore; and keener bites the northern Air:
Where from aloft, while guſty Flaws deſcend;
Cove-forming Forelands complicate protend:
Where Gold-ſtreak'd Stones glitter in lureful Ranks,
Or Copp'ry Layers adorn the ſhining Banks:

Where

Line 507. ——— Pharos *ſtands.*] *Sentry-Iſland*, near *Whale-Cove*, ſituated to the S. Weſt of *Marble-Iſland*; which with the adjoining Coaſt really exhibits all theſe remarkable Circumſtances, that ſeem to indicate a Paſſage thereabout.

Where in yon chamber'd Mount with Grotto-Pride
Ermin'd *Calypſos* o'er chaſte Nymphs preſide:
Where pendent Pillars the vaſt Arch ſuſtains,
Diſtill'd thro' Rocks, and bound in nitrous Chains:
Where *Tethys* in her Morſe-borne Car retires;
Charm'd with bright Horrors, and inverted Spires!
Beneath, where lo, ſtabling his Herds marine,
From dripping Locks old *Proteus* ſhakes the Brine!
Where Snow-rais'd Ponds, ſurcharg'd o'er Nature's Wall,
With rumbling Ruſh precipitated fall:
Where (*Ireland*'s Native once) on Heath-grown Rocks
Grazes the ſtately Mooze; or perfum'd Ox:
Call'd by th' Exploſion of a Signal Gun,
Where to the Shore the ſavage Merchants run:
Short of Thy Cape, and at the *Welcome*'s Mouth,
Where Fame's firſt Candidates o'erſhot the South;

Th'

Line 527. ——————*Herds Marine.*] Seals, or Sea-Dogs, which are numerous on that Coaſt.

L. 534. ——————*ſavage Merchants run.*] To ſell their Whale-Fin, as Captain *Smith*, late Commander of the *California*, can teſtify, who once ſail'd thither, when in the Service of the *Hudſon*'s Bay Company.

L. 535. *Short of Thy Cape*, &c.] Cape *Dobbs*, ſo nam'd by Captain *Middleton*.

Th' important Influx lies: there enter bold:
Where daring *Guybons* paſs'd in vain of old;
Whom near the Goal the ſubtile *Gaul* deceiv'd;
And, as he graſp'd, of Honor's Crown bereav'd!
For Thee reſerv'd!—This wear more worthy Thou;
Irradiate This inveſt thy beaming Brow!
Earn the Third Marine Spoils: opimely ſhare
The Trophies of *Magellan* and *Le Maire*.

Line 538. *Where daring* Guybons *paſs'd in vain of old.*] See the memorable Letter of Admiral *de Fonte*, as explain'd by Mr. *Dobbs*, in his Book publiſhed in 1742, 4to, in which, or in Capt. *Middleton*'s and Mr. *Ellis*'s Journals, every Reference that is obſcure to a common Reader, will be ſatisfactorily cleared up.

L. 543. *Earn the Third Marine Spoils*, &c.] Alluding to the *opima ſpolia* of the *Romans*, and to what *Virgil* ſays of *Marcellus*, *Tertiaque arma patri*, &c.

L. 544. ——————*Magellan* and *Le Maire.*] The famous Diſcoverers of the Straits, that bear their Names, at the Extremity of *South America*.

The E N D of the Second Part.

Th' important Indies ! there enter bold :
Where daring Cowley paus'd in vain of old ;
Whom near the Goal the fabulous Gray deceiv'd ;
And, as he grasp'd, of Hope's Crown bereav'd !
For Thee reserv'd !—This wear more worthy Thou ;
Irradiate This inwelt thy beaming Brow !
Earn the Third Marine Spoils : opimely share
The Trophies of Magellan and Le Maire.

Line 538. Where daring Cowley paus'd in vain of old.] See the remarkable Letter of Admiral de Ruyter, as explain'd by Mr. Dobbs, in his Book published in 1744, 4to; in which, or in Capt. Middleton's and Mr. Ellis's Journals, every Reference that is obscure to a common Reader, will be satisfactorily cleared up.

L. 543. Earn the Third Marine Spoils, &c.] Alluding to the opima Spolia of the Romans, and to what Virgil says of Marcellus, Tertiaque arma patris, &c.

L. 544. ——— Magellan and Le Maire.] The famous Discoverers of the Straits, that bear their Names, to the Eastward of South America.

The END of the Second Part.

AN EPISTLE, &c.

PART III.

THUS far the *Delphian Sisters* bade me wait
Their favor'd Hero ev'n to Glory's Gate:
Thus far I wrote impow'r'd and God-possest!
—A nobler Influence now inspir'd my Breast!
As feather'd Warblers charm'd the Grove around,
And sooth'd my Senses with melodious Sound:
As on a Laurel hung, my Bow'r to grace,
I gaz'd on great *Eliza*'s tinted Face:

Lo, ſolemn Slumbers o'er my Temples ſtole,
And wond'rous Viſions ſtraight imploy'd my Soul!
Fill'd with the Image of the glorious Queen,
Fancy in Dreams produc'd this mental Scene,
Lo, the whole *Nine* her potent Form ſupplies,
And lifts me [illegible]e rapt *Paul*, to tertian Skies:
Rouz'd from my Arbor by a Clarion loud,
I ſail'd, methought, bouy'd by Fleece-fring'd Cloud:
Till a Nore-Zenith top'd the blue *Serene*,
And thy Ship nadir'd to the bright Machine.
Attracted by the gravitating Flood,
Gently deſcending on thy Deck, I ſtood.
Myſelf unſeen, I triumph'd in thy Sight;
And gaz'd thee o'er with Wonder and Delight:
Anxious the Frigate's doubtful Helm I view'd;
While the Serpentine Inlet ſhe purſu'd,
Solicitous, but foreign from Deſpair,
Thy Heav'n-rais'd Eyes then ſent thy ſilent Pray'r:
Nor ſent in vain: for, lo, Heav'n anſw'ring ſpoke!
All ſiniſter well-omen'd Thunder broke!

Straight Nature blooms thro' all the rigid Clime!
Smiles Earth; ſmiles Sea; ſmiles the clear Arch ſublime!
Eteſian Gales the happy Portent ſhare,
And bruſh with buxome Wings the vap'ry Air!
Lo, Light emanant with a ſtreamy Length,
Beyond the ſolar Luſtre in its Strength;
Wide Radiance o'er th' illumin'd Convex caſt!
I reel'd, ſupported by the bowing Maſt!
Prone to the Planks, thy Sociates fell amaz'd;
While to th' Horizon's Verge th' Effulgence blaz'd!
A *Rood* tranſverſe was giv'n me to behold;
Erect in Heav'n, that ſham'd reſplendent Gold!
Urim'd in Stars, its Motto ſhone Divine!
Perſiſt, my Servant, proſper in this Sign!
From op'ning Heav'n now tiding Glory flow'd;
And in the midſt the North's Arch-Angel ſhow'd.
Intolerable Luſtre circumvolv'd;
And Hills of Snow in ſpreading Lakes diſſolv'd!

His

Line 34. *Beyond the ſolar Luſtre*, &c.] See the Converſion of St. *Paul* in the Acts of the Apoſtles.

Line 42. *Perſiſt*, &c.] Alluding to the Viſion of *Conſtantine the Great*.

His ſtellate Wings th' extended Bay o'erſpread:
More than a Rain-bow wav'd around his Head!
Southward of Weſt, two Suns, his Eyes, he caſt;
While his ſtrong Tube utter'd its mighty Blaſt!
The rock'd Globe's Atmoſphere confeſs'd the Sound:
Eaſt heard, and ſent the Undulation round:
Eccho'd the Poles: ſhook to its Center Earth;
And triumph'd Wonder in its ſecond Birth!
Heated by bold Imagination's Play,
This I ſuppos'd Creation's natal Day!
Now Fields of Æther hail Meſſiah's Name!
His Praiſe the Heav'ns, and all its Pow'rs conclame!
Inſpir'd by Him, to Him the hallow'd Train
Of ancient Seers return the gen'rous Strain!
They, whom his Praiſes with harmonious Joy
Thro' rapturous Eternity imploy!
His Praiſes too the noble Armies ſing,
Who ſhar'd the Conqueſt of their *Victim-King*;

In

Line 58. *His Praiſe*, &c.] From the *Te Deum*, &c.

In Truth's bright Cauſe who more than Martyrs fell;
Superior to the Rage of Earth and Hell!
Cherubs and Seraphs, with ſupreme Delight,
Wing'd from the Source of beatific Light,
Lo, there, in burning Gratulation meet,
And Man's Redemption near its Symbol greet!
I ſaw, I ſaw, intranc'd, the white-rob'd Throng:
I heard the *Twelve Elect* promote the Song!
Soft Thunder modul'd was their Voice: their Eyes
Darted the lenient Light'ning of the Skies!
All cry'd ecſtatic thro' th' empyreal Coaſts:
'Hail, holy, holy, holy, Lord of Hoſts!
'Hail, Energy Divine! unbounded Soul!
'Who ſpoke great Entity, and fills the Whole;
'Mark'd for yon rolling Orb its deſtin'd Race;
'Floated the Worlds, and *ſun'd* created Space!
'Eſſentially Divine: yet Earthward ſent;
'Great Legate of the Sire omnipotent!
'Who, ſelf-reſurgent from the Marble Grave,
'Subdu'd the Tyrant's Pow'r and dy'd to ſave!

'T' un-

'T'unlock th' immortal Gates, and wide display
'The lucid Courts of ever-during Day:
'Where Clay-born Reptiles, rais'd to bright Abodes,
'Injoy the vaſt Prerogative of Gods!
'With triple Thunder arm'd, in ſov'reign Pow'r,
'He, Judge, ſhall come in the terrific Hour:
'While at his Preſence Worlds diſſolve away;
'And Suns abſorb'd in whelming Light decay!
'Then may his Militants, with Saints forgiv'n,
'Increaſe th' eternal Jubilee of Heav'n!'
So from Night's Womb when roſe this wondrous All,
And firſt in youthful Pride emerg'd our Ball:
The Morning Stars with heav'nly Pæans rung;
And all God's Sons their Haleluiahs ſung.
'Oppreſt with Joy, gradual I drop'd my Sight,
Low as yon tabled Mountain's topmoſt Height:
Straight on the rocky Platform new Surprize
From Objects ſcarce leſs glorious ſtruck my Eyes.
Sudden I ſaw a bright Pavillion rear'd:
On the tall Fabrick Skill Divine appear'd.

In

In froſted Emerald, lo, four Columns roſe;
Fix'd as each quarter'd Wind reſponſive blows.
Theſe a Sky-purpled Canopy ſupport:
(Dim is its Semblance in a human Court)
Brought from Heav'n's Pavement, eſtuant Rubies blaz'd:
And the rich Dome rebuk'd the Eye that gaz'd:
Within, whence Splendor iſſu'd in a Flood,
Fronting our Ship, four Thrones Imperial ſtood;
All theſe celeſtial Adamant inray'd:
Beneath a Sea of wavy Chryſtal play'd!
Four awful Forms, each in a regal Chair,
Sate; Sweets ambroſial perfum'd nether Air.
Now pureſt Objects ſordid ſeem'd below:
Their luſt'rous Robes reproaching Virgin-ſnow:
Idea'd long, ſtrait each Angelic Face
I knew; diſtinguiſh'd by its proper Grace:
Great *Alfred* firſt, in Altitude of Mien:
Next in ſeraphic Charms the *Maiden Queen*:
Then the third *William* in heroic Light;
Laſt ſhone paternal *George* auguſtly bright!

Presumptuous Fancy now a Cause assigns,
Why 'mong those *Dignities*, in living Shrines,
The gen'rous *Prince*, who late espous'd thy Schemes,
Appears not now in equal Lustre's Beams.
Methought, compassionate to *British* Eyes,
His once all-glad'ning Presence he denies:
Conscious, were his lov'd Form condens'd to view,
What Pangs, what Floods of Sorrow must ensue:
That This would sink each Heart so late distrest;
Defeat thy Purpose, and unman thy Breast!
Mean Mortal, I, to each Imperial Shade,
Low as Prostration my Obeisance pay'd!
Transcendent Crowns with Streams unweary'd shed
Innoxious Lightnings from each glory'd Head.
Benevolence their Majesty of Eye
Temper'd; which else Sight's Access wou'd deny.
Pleas'd their Divine Commission to fulfil,
I saw *Britannia*'s Welfare in their Will:
Intuitive thro' Looks I read it plain,
That all their Heirs should by their Pattern reign.

'O filial *George*, I cry'd, their Paths purſue;
'Follow'd (our Annals ſay) alas, by Few!
'Long live, great Prince! ſtill vindicate your Throne,
'And to theſe rare Examples add your own.
Now Preſentations fill'd my Sight and Thought
Of Naval Deeds, which Each for *Albion* wrought.
Theſe on the Cornice glowingly portray'd,
Or on the Baſe in high *Relieve* diſplay'd,
I ſaw. There fled repell'd th' incurſive *Dane*:
Here ſunk th' *Armada* of invading *Spain*:
Imag'd *La Hogue* there mourn'd her burning Fleets:
Here *Sicily* a new *Duillius* greets.
Vent'ring my Eyes amidſt the Thrones once more,
Straight a Fifth *Form* I mark'd unſeen before.
Such the Mind paints an Hierarchal Sire,
Circled near Light's prime Source with lambent Fire:

Line 156. *Here* Sicily *a new* Duillius *greets.*] Admiral *Byng*, Earl of *Torrington*, who obtained a ſignal Victory over the *Spaniſh* Fleet in the Reign of *George* I.

Such Fellow-ſainted Worth on High approves;
Such, when below, charm'd Veneration loves.
At once my Soul homag'd great *Parker*'s Shade;
In Pity to groſs Optics half diſray'd!
Yet ſtill, tho' with abated Light he ſhone,
Viewing his Features, I requir'd no Sun!
His Mitre! O too fierce for mortal Sight!
Heav'ns! how it blaz'd, unutterably bright!
Salient it upwards ſhot in creſted Flame;
And ſublunary Lightning wrongs its Name!
Wiſhful he view'd the Veſſel in its Road;
While in one Arm he held the *ſacred Code*:
T'other incumbent on the Throne he laid;
Where ſate in ſocial Port the Godlike *Maid*.
I ſaw the happy Pair in Converſe blend;
When at the Signal of his Royal Friend,
(Not Sov'reign now) the Saint, as Heav'n decreed,
With rev'rend Grace the hallow'd Volume freed!
Conſcious

Line 163. ——————*great* Parker's *Shade*.] Abp. of *Canterbury* in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign.

Conſcious thro' Incenſe-breathing Air it glides;
With Cherub-Wings compacted to its Sides.
Itſelf, indu'd with loco-motive Force,
To Thee in full Deſcent directs its Courſe!
Kneeling, methought, the Heav'n-ſent Gift you took;
While to your Heart both Hands compreſs'd the Book.
You read its Label:—*This o'er Earth convey.*—
You read; you bow'd; you promis'd to obey!
Lo, now, this intellectual Scene to cloſe,
Four other ſhining Perſonages roſe!
Leſs ardently, as if on Purpoſe, bright,
And more accommodate to mortal Sight.
Beneath the Thrones on Midway-Craigs they ſtood;
And full in View o'erlook'd the ſinuous Flood!
Firſt *Walſingham* appear'd in ſolemn Grace:
Indented Counſel mark'd his awful Face:

Noble

Line 193. *Firſt* Walſingham *appear'd in ſolemn Grace.*] The great Patron of the firſt Adventurers for the Diſcovery of a North-Weſt Paſſage, and Secretary of State to Queen *Elizabeth*.

Noble Simplicity; Contempt of Wealth,
Ribbands or Titles bought by courtly Stealth!
Stateſmen, then viewing This, had grown more wiſe;
As they might gather Goodneſs from his Eyes.
He lov'd our *England*; and his Features ſeem
To hold ten Dukedoms in brave *Bet*'s Eſteem!
Alb'd was his Toge: his Head an Olive wore:
His Heav'n-blanch'd Hair flow'd whit'ning all the Shore.
His Dexter Hand a Stile of glitt'ring Gold
Held; while his Left a North-weſt Chart unroll'd.
Aided by *Drake*, he turn'd the quadrate Sheet;
While *Ralegh* mark'd the Place thine Eyes ſhou'd meet.
Next *One*, All-Hero, my fix'd Sight injoy'd;
He, who Fame's Tube, and hundred Tongues imploy'd;
Father of Commerce! of true Knighthood Flow'r!
Author of good Old *England*'s Naval Pow'r!
On trophy'd Gold he trod; with Tunic mail'd:
His Preſence ſculptur'd *Spain*'s red Enſigns pal'd.
My Eyes devour'd the martial Mien of *Drake*;
Lov'd for his own, lov'd for *Eliza*'s Sake!

A Sun-broad Gorget on his ample Cheſt
Dazzled, and gave the gazing Eye no Reſt:
From a pearl'd Baldric, o'er his Shoulders ſlung,
In burniſh'd Sheath a pond'rous Sabre hung.
Launch'd from deep Thought I ſaw bold Enterprize
Unite his Brows, and vibrate in his Eyes!
He, who in Glory's Search diſdain'd a Bound,
And ſigh'd to find that Earth ſo ſoon was round.
South-ſea-ward pointing, now his Hand was ſeen;
While Approbation nodded from his Queen.
Greedy I gaz'd inſatiate of Delight;
Till *Ralegh* drew my venerating Sight.
Joy, vary'd by his interpoſing Form,
Raviſh'd my Eyes, and kept my Fancy warm.
O'er his rich Armor wav'd a courtly Robe:
Near ſtood in letter'd Gold a ſtory'd Globe.
Sea-ward, his Truncheon claim'd the Sea's Command:
Turn'd Land-ward, This alternate aw'd the Land.
He glow'd, as mounting Martyrs Heav'n-aſſur'd;
Or *Moſes*-like, in God's *Shekinah* pur'd.

A Patriot Statesman with sententious Grace
Pierc'd from his Eyes and ponder'd in his Face.
The Scholar's Thought temper'd the Hero's Mien:
Forgiveness in his Aspect smil'd serene.
Once a short Blush, methought, his Cheeks suffus'd,
Like Virtue by Ingratitude abus'd!
As who shou'd say: '*Warren*, *Hawke*, *Dobbs*, be warn'd!
'Worth oft is victim'd, if a Court's suborn'd!
'Oft on vile Earth 'tis dang'rous to excel:
'And *Pelhams* there may serve a State too well.
'Dauntless, but cautious, to Fame's Mount aspire:
'And know you tread on cinericious Fire.'
Confus'd and loaded with my Country's Shame,
I sunk, and utter'd what I dare not name:
Ev'n in the heav'nly Presence,--Wretch profane --
'I curst indignant--*Gondamar* and *Spain!*
'But bless'd my Fate, reserv'd for happier Times;
'When scarce yet rage such pestilential Crimes.
'When live not now, whom Slaves may yet applaud,
'Inglorious *James!* thy *Villiers*, *Car*, or *Laud*.

'Ere gaping Earth, in Terrors, menac'd late,
'Vengeful devours an unrepenting State.
'Ere Guilt's increaſing Meaſure is quite full:
'When I can one unprieſted *Aaron* cull:
'When yet I ſee one *Stanhope* left to run,
'Cenſer'd, 'twixt Wrath Divine and Plagues begun!
Another *Stanhope* late inrich'd our Land;
Who now, fourth Worthy, cheer'd yon gelid Strand.
How better chang'd, than, when rapt Senates hung,
And Armies charg'd on his inſpiring Tongue!
Fighting; when Foreſt Lions rag'd leſs bold:
Speaking; when deep, clear, rapid Torrents roll'd.
Whoſe Patriot-Cauſe honor'd the Soldier's Ire:
Thinking, who look'd Abſtraction: acting, Fire.
For Fraud too gen'rous; and too wiſe for Art;
Thro' his pellucid Breaſt I read his Heart.

Line 259. *When yet I ſee one* Stanhope *left to run.*] Earl of *Cheſterfield.*
L. 261. *Another* Stanhope, &c.] Earl *Stanhope*, Secretary of State, and Lieutenant General in the late Reign.

He, who the Country, that he lov'd, adorn'd;
And Turpitude in its Idea ſcorn'd.
Stateſman! with Virtue brighter than his Sword;
True to his Prince; yet faithful to his Word.
Whoſe effluent Goodneſs gave match'd Wiſdom Grace;
While Policy thought honeſt in his Face:
Who Merit fought in Seats obſcure diſtreſt;
Nor meanly waited to be firſt addreſt:
Wakeful for private, as for public Good;
Noble in Act, as noble in his Blood!
A Marſhal's Staff illuminate he bore,
And gently wielding thaw'd the frozen Shore,
Such might become the great Archangel's Hand;
Divinely ſent to quell Heav'n's Rebel-Band.
An argent Scarf o'erflow'd his armor'd Breaſt;
And *Britain*'s Lion rear'd his dreadful Creſt!
Now to his *George*'s Throne his Sight he rais'd:
Prepar'd to ſpeak when the bright Signal blaz'd.
He ſeem'd to rev'rence ſtill the Monarch-look;
And thence, methought, preſent Inſtruction took.

The ſummon'd Frigate heav'nly Influence near'd.
Lo! aft ſhe ſhoots, and ſides the Rock unſteer'd.
I ſaw th' *Ætherial Excellence* above
With mighty Arm his fulgent Scepter move!
But that I knew his Nature all-benign;
Fear then had felt Perdition in the Sign.
Terror had burn'd th' illumin'd Ship below;
As a graſp'd Thunderbolt he meant to throw.
Straight all-pervading flaſh'd exceſſive Day;
Reveal'd ſunk Reefs, and bottom'd the deep Bay.
Th'oppreſſive Light-flood near diſſolv'd my Dream;
When o'er the Margin of the conſcious Stream,
Th' *Intelligence* his ſhining Figure rears;
Around him ſtood aſſenting his Compeers.
To Thee with condeſcending Grace he ſpoke.
His Speech my Mind recorded, ere I 'woke.
Dubious if body'd, or all-ſoul'd, I ſaw
Objects tranſcending Nature's vulgate Law.
Plain were his Words, nerv'd with perſuaſive Senſe,
And purg'd from Earth's adult'rate Eloquence.

Mild was his Tone: his Aſpect ſhone ſerene:
He charm'd; he aw'd, with Majeſty of Mien.
'*Briton*; a Name ſtill to my Spirit dear!
'Favor'd by Heav'n—he ſaid—its Mandates hear.
'It wills; when you unbar ſearch'd Nature's Gate;
'And your Fleets penetrate a northern Strait:
'When lib'ral Trade ſhall trackleſs Routs explore,
'Till Weſt meets Eaſt, and owns no final Shore.
'It wills, no impious Scheme of Pow'r infeſt;
'No Hell-born Luſt of Wealth an *Engliſh* Breaſt!
'Mankind's Improvement be your glorious Hope;
'And national Felicity your Scope:
'Empire o'er Minds, by Reaſon's Conqueſt gain'd,
'Trade ſanctify'd, and Fame by Blood unſtain'd:
'Juſt Intercourſe by noble Labors fought,
'And foreign Products by domeſtic bought!
'Be brave; be rich; be learn'd; be juſt; be wiſe!
'And, earn'd Below, enjoy Above the Prize!
'Hardſhips for Man good Providence deſign'd,
'Leſt Torpor ſhou'd debaſe the gen'rous Mind:

'Makes

' Makes conquer'd Oppoſition Virtue's Teſt,
' Bids Danger prove the Wiſeſt and the Beſt;
' Adequate Manſions and Awards aſſigns;
' And owns no Worth, till exercis'd, it ſhines.
' What in yon radiant Preſence I declare,
' It wills, You tell *Celeſtial George's Heir*;
' Its Subſtitute on Earth, who rules your Land,
' And holds the Scepter in a righteous Hand.
' It wills his *Frederick's Eldeſt-born* ſhou'd hear
' Truths, meet to entertain a tender Ear!
' Unclouded Truths! which, void of courtly Art,
' Shall laſt ingraven on the Royal Heart;
' Aſſiſt Perfection's Progreſs, and inſpire
' All that adorn'd, All that rewards his *Sire!*
' Say--Vice exhauſts a Kingdom's Pow'r and Wealth;
' That Virtue ſhines its Beauty, Stay, and Health;
' That, Merit overlook'd is Guilt's Support:
' That, Lux'ry dates its Progreſs from a Court:
' That, Cowardice from Epidemic Sloth
' Spreads; and diſgraceful Poverty from both:

' That,

' That, Princes are moſt free whom Law reſtrains:
' That, ev'ry Tyrant inſecurely reigns:
' That, the chief Joy which Royalty can give,
' Is for the End of Government to live;
' To have the Pow'r, attended with the Will
' Of doing Good, and be debar'd from Ill!
' That, Adulation nurtures baneful Pride:
' That, Ruin flows in Irreligion's Tide:
' That, wicked Servants Loyalty in vain
' Plead; which commutes not for a moral Stain:
' That Honeſt ſtill is Wiſe; Good only Great;
' And each bad Man a Traitor to the State!
' Still let your *Monarch* think, whence Grandeur [ſprings,
' And reign dependent on the *King* of Kings:
' Concur with Heav'n's Intent, and in its Cauſe
' To Pagan Climes ſend Inſpiration's Laws:
' Diſpel the Shades, which the dark World benight,
' And pour, benign, Truth's copious Stream of Light:
' Quicken *Meſſiah*'s Reign, and *Satan*'s Doom;
' And bid the Univerſal Kingdom come:

' To

' Or
' New *Ceylons*
' Sent from the farthest
' Jewels unnam'd his ſplendent Crown adorn;
' His Glory, Theme of ev'ry Age and Clime,
' Blazing, o'erpaſs the Bounds of Space and Time;
' Nations Antipodal his Worth proclaim;
' Both Hemiſpheres his Pow'r; Futurity his Name!

The E N D *of the Firſt* Letter.

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" New [illegible]

" Sent from the [illegible]

" Jewels unnam'd his fplendent Crown [illegible]

" His Glory, Theme of ev'ry Age and Clime,

380 " Blazing, o'erpeals the Bounds of Space and Time;

" Nations Antipodal his Worth proclaim;

" Both Hemifpheres his Pow'r; Futurity his Name!

The END of the Fifth Letter.